



Mingent zepp

#### **SOUPCON**

5:30 am

the guy is already out plowing and beeping and plowing

the dollar general parking lot

i can see him shoveling the sidewalk

the city hasnt come out yet to do centre or baum

there will be no going out today for my indian buffet and vindaloo takeaway for tomorrow

im making chicken soup and if everything turns out just as my brother charlie says i'll have enough till the snow starts melting

i bought measuring cups measuring spoons and a fuckin peeler

once

we had dennis brutus and his wife may to our garret for dinner (she had a great chicken curry recipe) we told them how we failed at making chicken soup

dennis said
next time call me
may said
you don't know anything about it
dennis said
i know but i
might have some ideas

we all laughed with dennis for dessert

lets see how this one turns

out

and

go

from there

## **SATURDAY**

6:44 am

the day is still under the covers

i should be

## **DIMPLINGS**

the goose and the gander

out for a meander

mornings amuse bouche



## COMPASSIONATE CANNABIS QUESTION

how long have you been using cannabis

50 years

#### THE COMING STRAWBERRY MOON

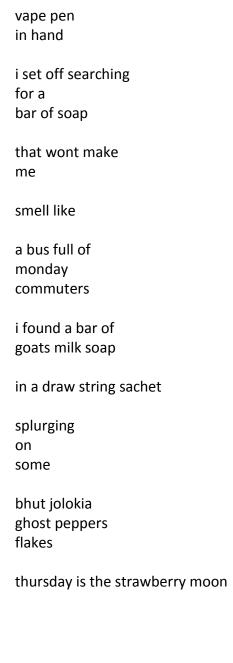
i gave my

blood and urine

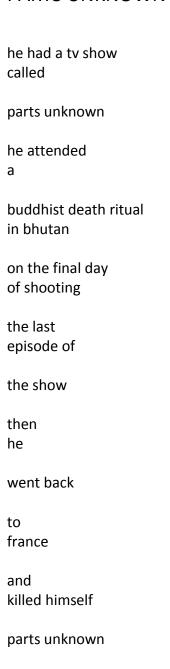
i got to read

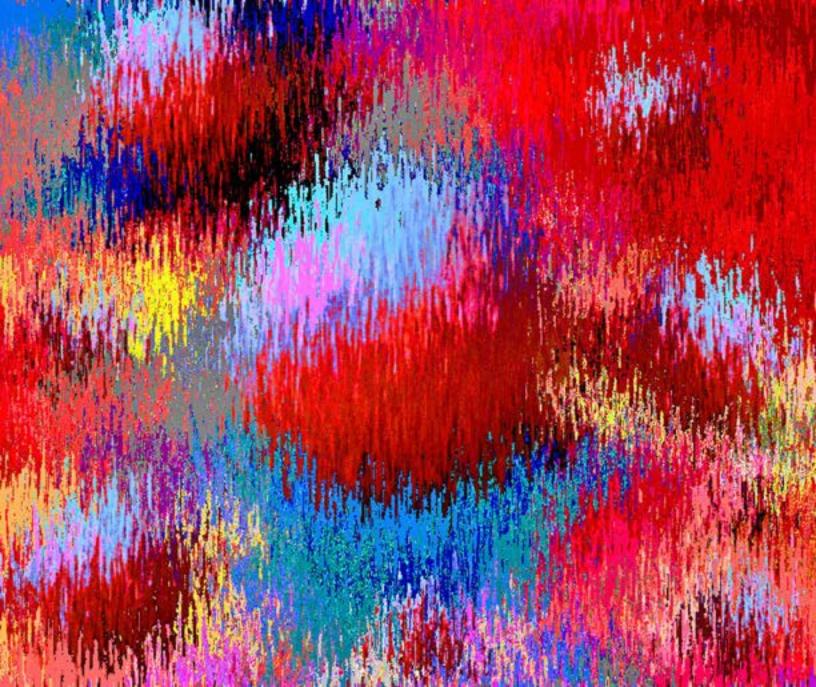
linda stevenson poems

three



#### **PARTS UNKNOWN**



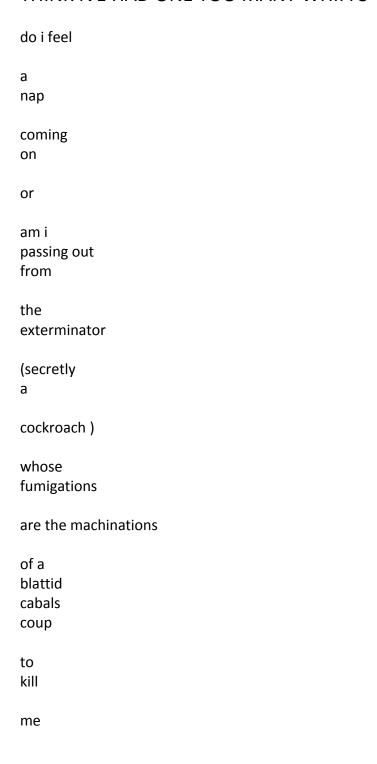


## DAMN WHAT IS THAT QUOTE FROM KEATS

i have to be careful cockroach or somnambulist which ones carapace i whack with the broom and flush down the

toilet

### THINK IVE HAD ONE TOO MANY WHIFFS



#### **KATSARIDAPHOBIA**

i know ask anyone retching their guts out from chemotherapy or looking at their mom in a coffin or one of the 40,,000 kids who die everyday from wretched hunger if they would swap my cockroach problem for theirs but there it was climbing up the side of the tissue box antennae going gabo gabo

next to my bed

which is on the floor

i keep remembering the story

my buddy told me

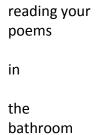
how when he was a kid

in st clair village

one almost crawled in his mouth while he slept



# A COMPLIMENT NOT A CRTICISM



they

make me

shit

### FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN

it was sweet to see you driving down carson street

in your vw bus

in my dream

#### **PSITHURISM:**

friable susurrations from what the heart calls the past more and more i long for women like della street (the mirror blooms as a flower) lipped nipple from a promiscuous psithurism saudade emptying nocturnes bouteilles

## **ECDYSIS**

darkness sloughs its

habiliments

from the

stygian heroes parade

## SCHROEDINGERS HEART

i leave the tv on when i leave

SO

when i come home jennifer anniston will be there



## THE MOON USED TO SLEEP WITH ME

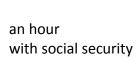
since i moved to my new apartment

i haven't seen the

moon

### **ON HOLD**

for about



because

when i forgot

my password

for the site

it asked me

where i was when

kennedy was shot

### TO A FUCKIN DICKHEAD

theres no

excuse

for letting your dogs

piss in the magnolia park

## **GADZOOKERY**

walking to aldis for grapes

wondering

did i buy a mortar and pestle

or

stamen and pistils

#### **GENDER FLUIDITY IN MY GMAIL**

this common medication is giving you a dry vagina heres why you should never wash your vagina is it normal to feel like your tampon is falling out



## **EVEN THOUGH I FUCKED IT UP**

monday a hole in one of the pipes in an apartment above me

la persistance of mold

its thursday

the sillage of my

chicken soup

### LATEN WE PRATEN

the leaves

are running around in the snow

on the roof

they want me to believe theyre having fun

its 2 degrees how dumb did they hear

i am

#### THE LAST VINDALOO

how many vindaloos have you made for me

over these 20 years

how many gobis have i gobbled

how many chickens got to reincarnate

via your tandoori and my

grangousiers maw

where i saw kama

and now

youre going away

i think ive stayed here

just for my saturday pigouts and sunday

take aways

i just got your family begats figured out

not only did your warm my chili sauce

my heart

i will miss you dear friends don't be surprised if i turn up in india

looking for dear mr singh

and

а

bhang lassi

## **ULTRAVIOLET CATASTROPHE**

more of grog than

fog

once i
learned to
land

i
stopped

flying

in
my

dreams



#### THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO MY CATHERDRAL

st marys german a beautiful cathedral church on olive street in mckeesport where i hung out with god and sang gregorian chant the mills shutdown because there were no war machines to to build the slaughter of the vietnamese hadn't rah rah'd up yet so we moved a boy scout camp my catholicism sloughed into ecdysis then once the war was over and there wasn't any more killing to be

done for a bit

the mills didn't want to ablute

the air and rivers

made feculent

they iscarioted the union judases who never recanted their betrayal or hung themselves

like they should have

told the workers to fuck off

and split

then the churches

i heard they tore down st marys

i found

а

weed patch

the methodist church across the street

a crack house or worse

i went there last thanksgiving they built some housing

where st marys stood

and the methodist church became the new rotting blotch

we drove to the old locust street neighborhood

the house and blocks

were gone

better than the rest of the neighborhoods that look like dresden after world war two

except the old coca cola plant building was still there repurposed

unlike the rest of mckeesport

they scourged the soul out of the city

and wonder why

its named the 4th most dangerous place in america.

now the city makes excellent

cannabis

but it will take a shitload of pot

to blot out

what was done to to cities

like mckeesport

who saved the world from hilter

only to be crucified by the money changers

not even a potters field

### THE VEILINGS

you should have been the scandalous painter from mckeesport the city andy always said he was from your beauty alone should have landed the pleiades on your lap your vorfreude should not have been the smultronställe of psyche wards though

you could have written the baedekers guide to the mental hospitals western Pennsylvania its easy for me to talk shit now but i would have gladly abdicated my rebirth you didn't need us seven kids or dad anyway theyre all gone except for me and charlie there should have been a photo of you punching picasso in the stomach and kissing

roberto rossellini

you and yoko should have taken

acid

а

starry night

instead of

the physicians desk reference

the press would have called you

vera of the seven veils

lift the veils

to

the

next lives

and

youre not my mother

we're smoking

hashish

## THESE ARE THE THOUGHTS THAT TURN TO THE NUTTING SEASON

who will cook me a drunk goose
in the asthenopia of the
sporades
things are
thingmotropic
mycoheterotrophs are mycorrhizal cheaters
mycormizar cheaters
squirrels are said to be feeding in cornfields crows getting murdered on poppies
family automobile running on stiff and faithless shoes
some might say
my goose is already
cooked



## **SUN ENTERS VIRGO**

coeds getting on the bus

ill read michael horovitz when i get home

## **AMERICA**

manager of my

apartment

says

you gotta accept the fact that

there are cockroaches

or move

i will

to

amsterdam

## **SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 1 2019**

```
I wish there were tea eggs but the antipasto is on sale and the pothole on 12st is patched did i already cross the 16<sup>th</sup> street bridge
```

### **BERTOLUCCI**

how many times did we see

1900

at the

guild

came across your husbands bio

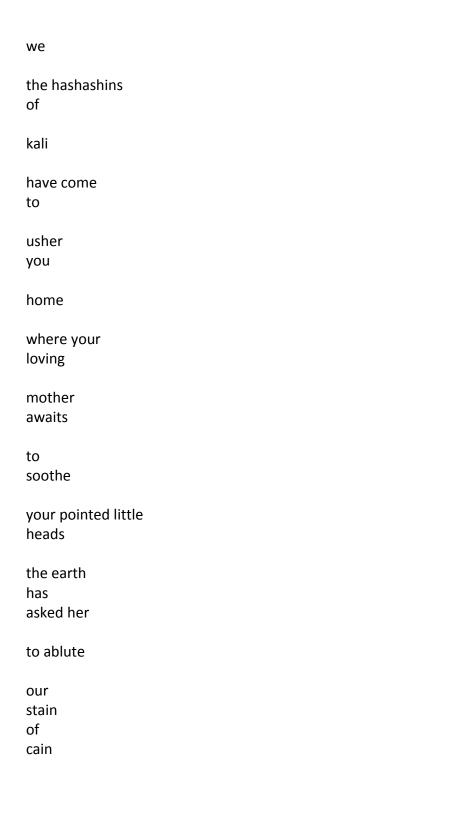
among his many achievements was

being married for 40 years

i downloaded your paintings



## FORGET ABOUT DEATH TIME AND DOOMSDAY



ablaqueate the

maya

from our eyes

and lay us down in

sunflowers

she grew in

oahu

our dreams

the thrum

of her love

if we stay here

we will only become

dumber number

in search for nepenthe

our

fontanels sclerotic making phowa impossible she will end

seething and

the

believing

and dress us

from the

fell of our

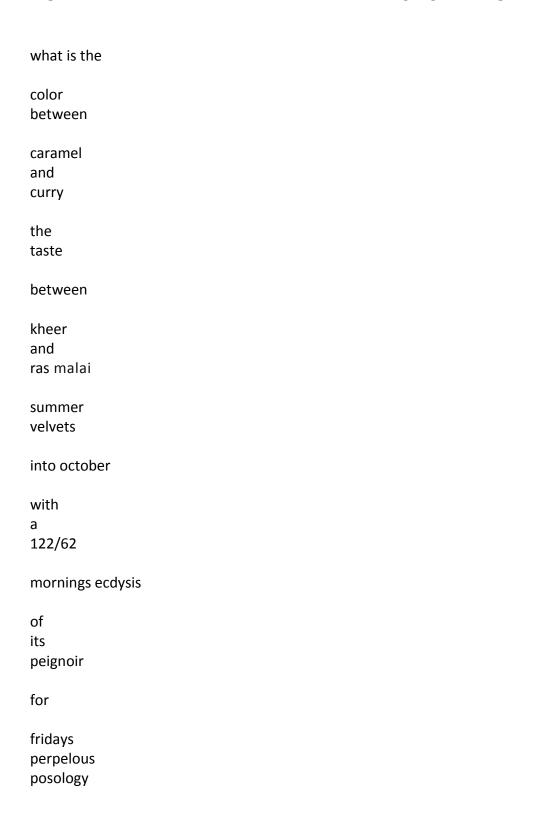
hopings and mopings

she will know us

by the scars we have lathed on ourselves

shedding from
our souls
scabbing navels
her sweet lassi
breath
calling us
forget about
death time and doomsday
we are here
to take you
home

### NOW THAT THE HEAT IN MY APARTMENT IS TURNED ON



and the

stelliferous piso mojado

of a

hunters moon

who will weave us the

chartaceous

flames of

autumn

## A GOOD DAGO BOY

i got

pepperoni grease

on my keyboard

## **FULL MOON NOVEMBER 12 2019**



yesterday

garam masala

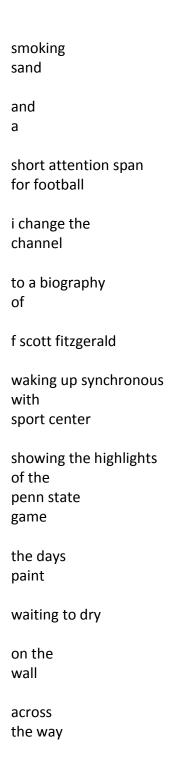
back in bed

watching perry mason

the case of the

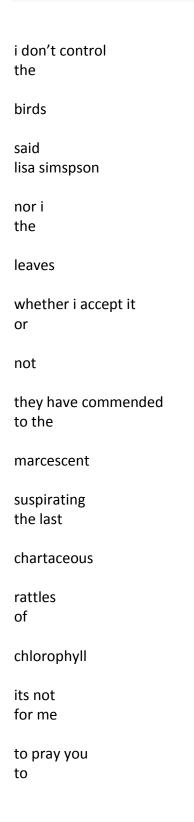
shapely shadow

# YOU WILL BE COMPENSATED UP TO \$640 AND RECEIVE A PICTURE OF YOUR BRAIN UPON COMPLETION OF THE STUDY



```
guys up
early
for
а
private show
before they go
to church
with their
family
grateful
for
gods
pinays
the way jennifer aniston
finds
me
in
my
dreams
dr john
sang
i was in the right vein
but it
seems
like
the
wrong arm
wheezes of hashish
```

## LES FEUILLES MORTES



```
sati
```

from your branch

and blanch your

ashes

in the coming maw of snow

and winters

aspergillum of

ice

just know that i was there

to share your bones on this your dia de los muertos

and write you

a

calavera literarias

with a melting

veladora



## NEXT STOP 7<sup>TH</sup> AND PENN

the gull

same colored feathers

as

andys wig

sitting on his bridge

## **SUPERPOSITIONING**

somewhere in

the multiverses

must be

sade and i are sweethearts

## IN A SPIRITUAL SENSE I GUESS IM SAYING GET OFF MY FUCKIN LAWN

welcome to the resonant monkey moon of attunement				
the seventh moon of the planetary service wavespell				
we have now entered the halfway mark of the white magnetic wizard year				
it was looking grim				
for the				
orchid man				
time an innocent bystander				
weapon in its hand				
november knows it has ratted us out				
lacking the soul of				
frankie pentangelini				
more and more				
i like the idea that				
poetry can do nothing				

the something they want is

at best asinine

no plygain of fog

i find tomorrow beyond my comprehension

## FAILING TO GET ACCEPTED TO LI BAI UNIVERSITY

i am unlovable	
even	
by a	
drunk white moon	

## REMEMBER GARAM MASALA

isobel

if you keep
playing with your boobs

im
never gonna get any

baba ganouche

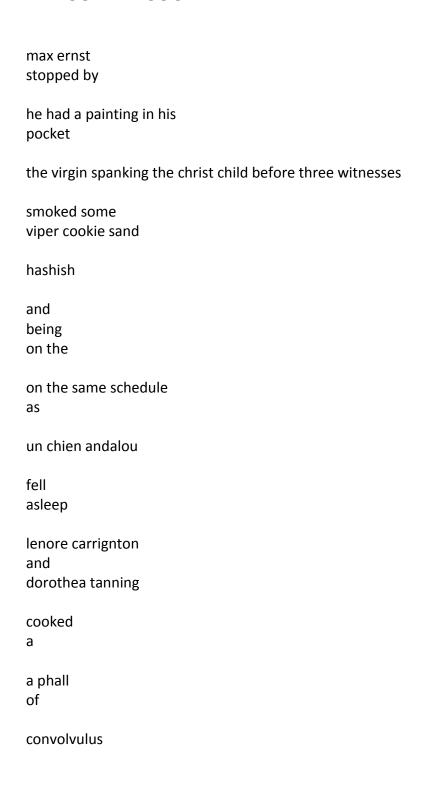
and

herring in

cream sauce



### THE GOLDEN GOODIE



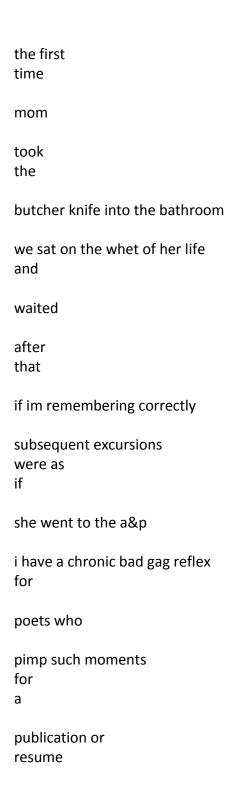
seeing all i had left in the fridge were adamantine lentils frenching а hot sausaged tongue tortillas swore they were sunflowers hoping to get doped up on the masalas under my pillow hiding them from paul eluard crying cause gala got dali by the

chanas

```
waiting
for
alexander glovotsky
to
repudiate
mornings
black rose
we talked about
the
picture
on the
fridge
my wife
rachel
took
of
the
beautiful white tree
on
pembroke
i want to fuck
and
magrittes
fiver year old gouda
made
from
the
gloves
```

of clowns

### **SURREALISM FOR KIDS**



## i just thought

mom

was

crazy

and

it had nothing to do with me

but then
i also
wanted
to leave home

at the age of five

i always wonder what kind of life that could have been

being born is different than belonging

and

i never wanted to

thank god

i wasn't a poet then

i might have become a whiner with a mfa

#### instead of a

broke ass poet living in a government subsidized apartment downtown

still

five years old

wanting to runaway

she was

а

schrödinger mom

alive and dead

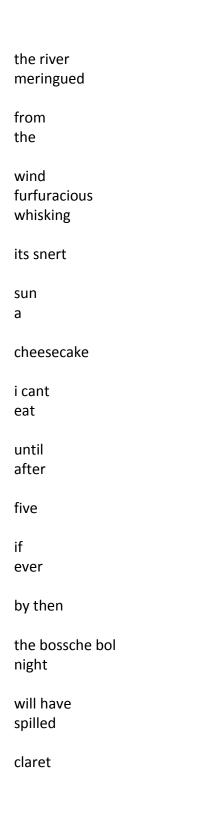
at

the

same time

no beginnings no ends

## **NUCLEAR MYSTICISM**



on

casagemas

blue

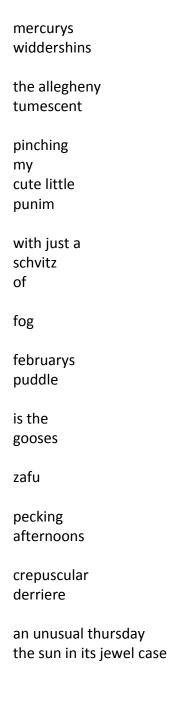
in sleeps

hyemation where

dali is walking down dopey drive

to make a debacle of the intellect -

## VIPER COOKIES TANGUY SAGE AND TIME

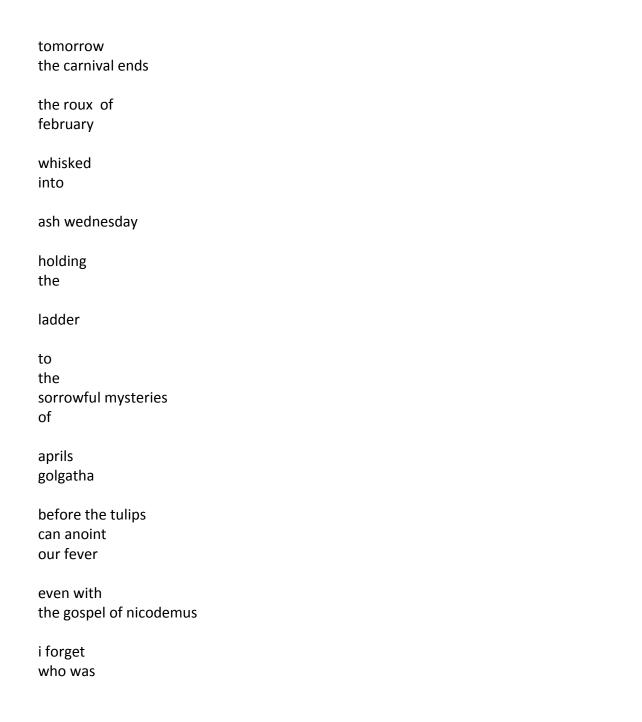


formications

of

the epithelium de chiricod <u>wtih</u> <u>the</u> seelenschmerz of knaves and sodden witted loons the restaurant mr singh sold is closed but come see me tomorrow im making a vindaloo yves and kay will be ready for cocktails at 6:30 there will be viper cookies i don't have a table

# THE DOLOROUS PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO THE MEDITATIONS OF BLESSED ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH



gestas and who was dimas or

jesus

simon on his way back to

cyrene africa

and his sons

alexander and rufus

with a sprig of

spring stigmatas

i have forgotten the name of my invisible childhood friend





published by alexander szek

